

NATIONAL

5¢
★
10

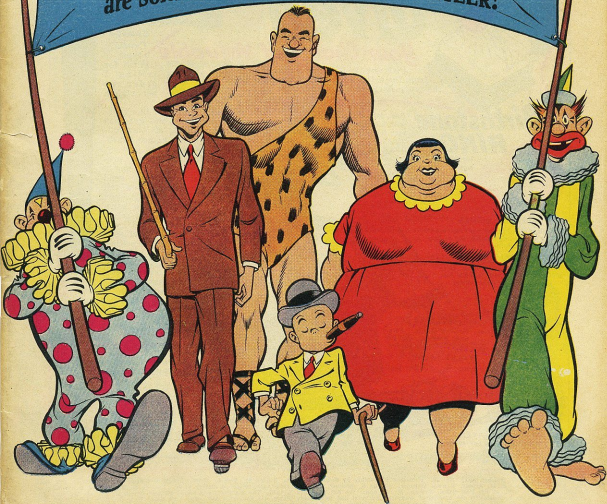


OCTOBER
No. 50

COMICS

10¢

The **BARKER** and **HIS PAIS**
are sold down the river to ROCKS MYZER!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



New ENLARGEMENT 3¢

Just to Get Acquainted We Will Beautifully Enlarge Your Favorite Snapshot, Photo, Kodak Picture, Print or Negative to 5 x 7 Inches If You Enclose the Coupon and a 3 Cent Stamp for Return Mailing!



Everyone admires pictures in natural colors because the surroundings and loved ones are so true to life, just the way they looked when the pictures were taken, so we want you to know also about our gorgeous color enlargements. Think of having that small picture or snapshot enlarged to 5 by 7-inch size so that the details and features you love are more life-like and natural.

Over one million men and women have sent us their favorite snapshots and pictures for enlarging. Thousands write us how much they also enjoy their remarkably true-to-life, natural colored enlargements we have sent them in handsome black and gold, or ivory and gold frames.

You are now given a wonderful opportunity to receive a beautiful enlargement of your cherished snapshot, photo or Kodak picture. Please include the color of hair and eyes and get our new bargain offer giving you your choice of handsome frames with a second enlargement beautifully hand tinted in natural lifelike oil colors and sent on approval. Your original is returned with your enlargement. This amazing enlargement offer is our way of getting acquainted and letting you know the quality of our work. Send today as supplies are limited.

DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 1251, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa

Enclose this coupon with your favorite snapshot, picture or negative and send to DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 1251, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa.

Name

Color of Hair

Address

Color of Eyes

City State



Birthstone RING

New, dainty ring set with birthstone correct for your month date. GIVEN for selling only 5 boxes of 1 order. A Good Luck Gift.

6 TEASPOONS

The Silverware you will adore. 6 spoons GIVEN for selling 1 order as explained in gift circular

SET OF DISHES

Complete set of dishes for four, beautifully decorated. GIVEN for selling 1 order as explained in gift circular.

BASEBALL GAME

Enjoyed by old and young, complete with score pad. GIVEN for selling only 1 order.



HOLSTER SET

Cowboy Outfit, Pistol and Holster. GIVEN for selling only 1 order.

WALKY-TALKY

Gives hours of entertainment. GIVEN for selling only 1 order.

SOFTBALL SET

3-piece outfit. Regulation ball, bat and cap. GIVEN for selling 1 order as per catalog.



FOUNTAIN PEN

Also pencil sets. GIVEN for selling 1 order, as per catalog. We trust you. Send today.

GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS.

Dept. E-455, Jefferson, Iowa.



POWERFUL TELESCOPE

GIVEN for selling 5 boxes of 1 order.

CAMERA

Candid type. GIVEN for selling 1 order as per catalog.



Given Your Choice of Valuable GIFTS OR CASH

Send No Money Now. Do like thousands of others do and get cash or valuable gifts such as bill-

folds, scissors, games, bracelets, rings, lockets, jewelry, hosiery, and other premiums that are easily yours. Simply send the coupon and tell us what gift you would like to earn.

The gift you select is given to you promptly and sent postpaid for selling just a few boxes of nationally known "Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner" at 25¢ each and returning the money collected as explained in our free catalog sent with your first order. Here's your lucky chance to receive a valuable gift. Repeat orders bring cash or more gifts.

SEND TODAY

LEATHER BILLFOLD

Full sized leather billfold. GIVEN for selling 5 boxes of 1 order.

Enclose this coupon in an envelope or paste it on a postcard and send it to GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-455, Jefferson, Iowa, for order to start.

Name

Address

City

State

GIFT

Wanted.....

The BARKER

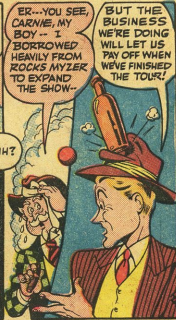


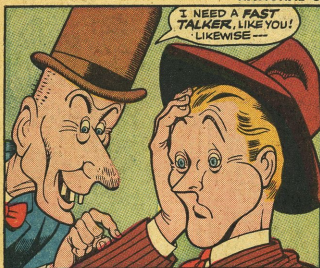
WORTH
HOW MUCH
? ? ?

Can
golden-voiced,
golden-hearted
Carnie
Calahan
and his pals
be bought
and sold?

By Klaus Nördling

A
Curious
Adventure
of
Curious
People!



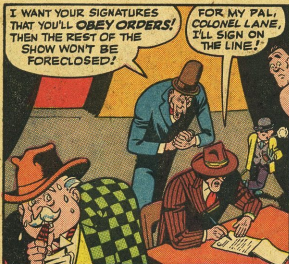


I NEED A FAST
TALKER, LIKE YOU!
LIKEWISE---



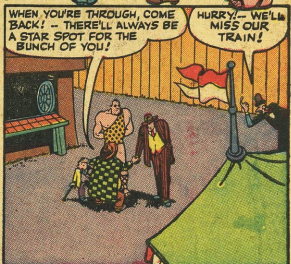
...ONE TOWER OF STRENGTH,
AND ONE ADROIT ATOM --
LIKE THESE!

HE MEANS
US, TINY!
WHAT IS THIS,
A SLAVE
MARKET?



I WANT YOUR SIGNATURES
THAT YOU'LL OBEY ORDERS!
THEN THE REST OF THE
SHOW WON'T BE
FORECLOSED!

FOR MY PAL,
COLONEL LANE,
I'LL SIGN ON
THE LINE!



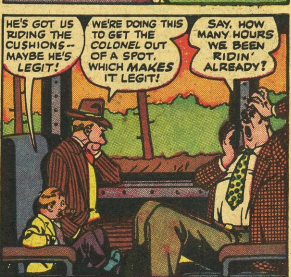
WHEN YOU'RE THROUGH, COME
BACK! -- THERE'LL ALWAYS BE
A STAR SPOT FOR THE
BUNCH OF YOU!

HURRY!-- WE'LL
MISS OUR
TRAIN!



WHY DID HE
PICK THEM?
WE'RE A MUCH
BETTER DRAW
FOR A
CROWD!

CROWD? --MAYBE
HE'S NOT WORKING
BEFORE A CROWD!
WHO KNOWS?



HE'S GOT US
RIDING THE
CUSHIONS--
MAYBE HE'S
LEGIT!

WE'RE DOING THIS
TO GET THE
COLONEL OUT
OF A SPOT,
WHICH MAKES
IT LEGIT!

SAY, HOW
MANY HOURS
WE BEEN
RIDIN'
ALREADY?

NATIONAL COMICS



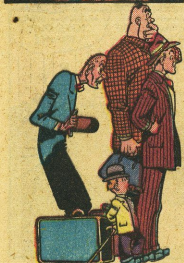
ISN'T IT ABOUT TIME, MR. MYZER, TO TELL US THE PITCH?



IN YOKEL, TALK, MR. MYZER, WHAT SHOW ARE WE WORKING IN?



SO MYZER DID COME HOME!



TAKE THAT HAM OUT OF MY FACE, OR YOU'LL SPEND THE REST OF YOUR LIFE WISHING YOU HAD IT BACK!



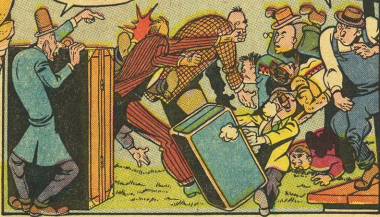
LET ME HANDLE IT, CARNIE! I'M PERFECT TYPE CASTING!

BLESS MY SOUL,
THEY'RE REAL!
I THOUGHT HE
WAS IN MAKEUP!



YEEOW! HELP ME, FELLERS!

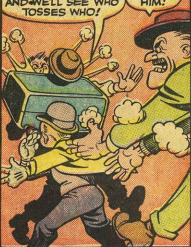
PROTECT ME!
THAT'S YOUR
JOB!



I'LL TOSS THIS LITTLE
PIPSQUEAK CLEAR
TO ---

HOLD THIS KEESTER
AND WE'LL SEE WHO
TOSSES WHO!

I'VE GOT
HIM!



DID YOU SAY
SOMETHING,
BUB?

KF -- KF -- KF!
KF! KF!
GHHHHH---



THEY'RE NO SCRAPPERS,
TINY -- BUT WHAT A BUNCH
OF SPRINT STARS
THEY'D MAKE!



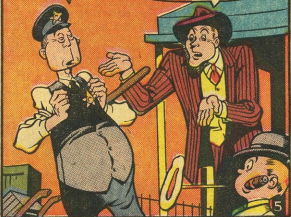
NOW THINGS ARE
STATUS QUOED,
MYZER! HERE
COMES THE LAW!

MR. MYZER! I JEST
HEERD THAT
YE'D COME ---



IT'D BE SOONEST
MENED IF N' YE'D
AGREE TER GIT---

PLEASE, OFFICER! -- WE
HAVE EVERY RIGHT TO
BE HERE! WE WERE
ATTACKED --



I DON'T KNOW THE FULL STORY YET, BUT I SURE DON'T LIKE THE FIRST INSTALLMENT! YOU, AS CONSTABLE, OWE US PROTECTION!

YOU'RE WITHIN YOUR RIGHTS, STRANGER-- I'M SORRY TO SAY! BUT I STILL WISH YOU'D CLEAR OUT!



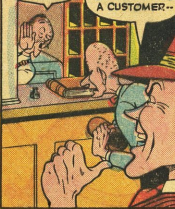
IS THIS THE BEST HOTEL?

IT'S THE ONLY HOTEL! COME IN -- WE'LL GET A SUITE AND UNPACK!



WELL, MYZER! WHAT GAVE YOU THE IDEA WE'D LET YOU STAY HERE?

LOOK, COUSIN, I KNOW THE STATE HOTEL LAW! YOU CAN'T REFUSE A CUSTOMER--



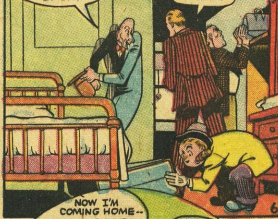
--SO CHECK US IN, OR WE'RE WITHIN OUR RIGHTS, IF WE WRECK YOUR FLEA-BAG!

AND WE'RE THE GUYS WHO'D LOVE TO DO IT!



YOU CAN HAVE THIS FRONT ROOM! I'LL BE IN THE BACK!

LOOK, WE'VE GOT TIME TO TALK NOW -- WHAT'S THE BEEF AGAINST YOU HERE?

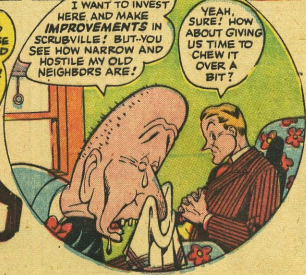


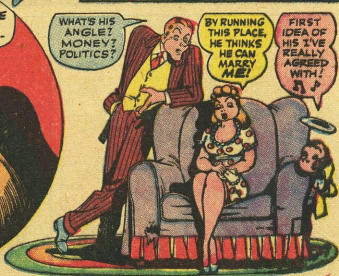
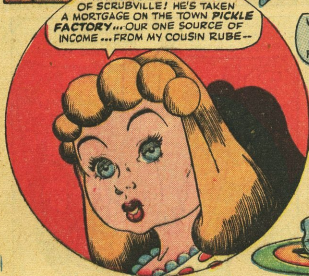
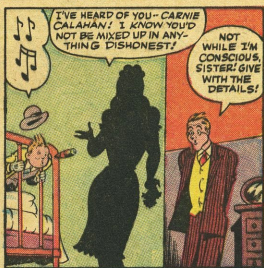
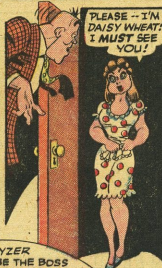
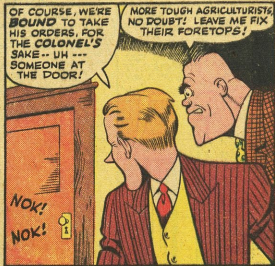
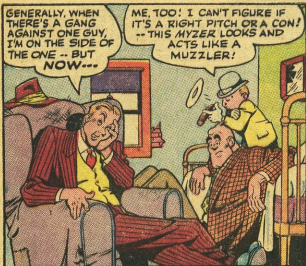
I WAS BORN HERE-- GREW UP DESPISED AND TAUNTED BECAUSE I WOULDN'T LAUGH AND PLAY --- I WANTED TO IMPROVE MYSELF! I WAS JEERED OUT OF TOWN AND MADE MY FORTUNE IN THE BIG CITY!

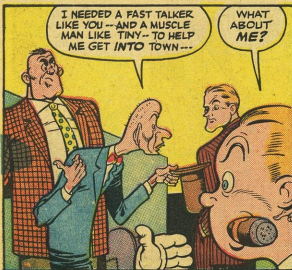
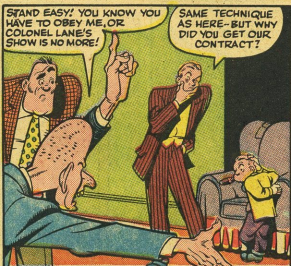
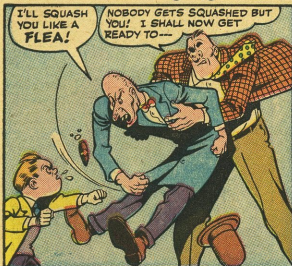


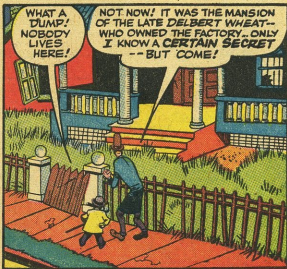
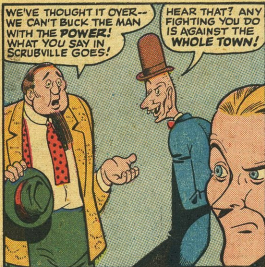
NOW I'M COMING HOME-- I WANT TO INVEST HERE AND MAKE IMPROVEMENTS IN SCRUBVILLE! BUT-YOU SEE HOW NARROW AND HOSTILE MY OLD NEIGHBORS ARE!

YEAH, SURE! HOW ABOUT GIVING US TIME TO CHEW IT OVER A BIT?



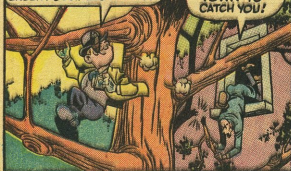






ADIOS AND TALLY-HO! PARTING
IS SUCH SORROW -- BUT
URGENT BUSINESS AWAITS!

I'LL RAISE
THE WHOLE
TOWN TO
CATCH YOU!



HE'S HEADING FOR THE SHOW! AFTER
HIM -- HE'S **STOLEN SOMETHING!**

YESSIR, MR. MYZER --
ANYTHING YOU
SAY!



HEY, RUBE!!

THE MAJOR -- IN TROUBLE!
FIGHT OFF THOSE TOWNIES!

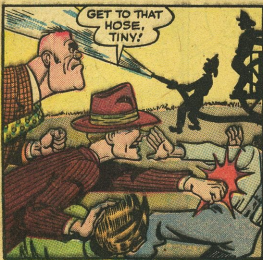


I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR
A CHANCE LIKE THIS!

FIRE DEPARTMENT!
COME AND WASH THIS
CROOKED SHOW
AWAY!

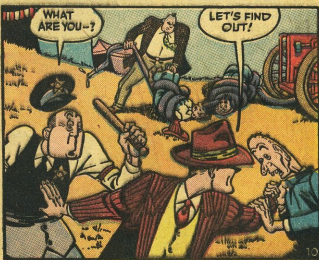


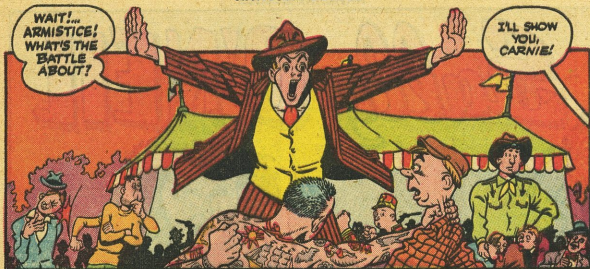
GET TO THAT
HOSE,
TINY!



WHAT
ARE YOU --?

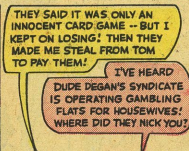
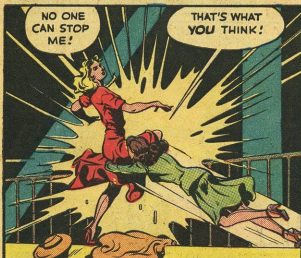
LET'S FIND
OUT!





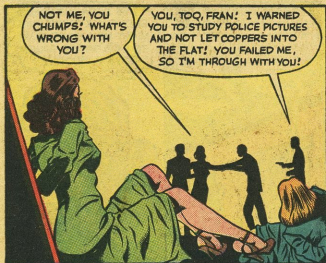
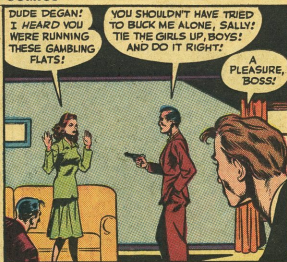
Sally O'NEIL









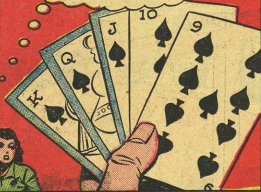


THEY'RE GOING TO MURDER US! WE'LL NEVER GET OUT ALIVE!

MAYBE IF YOU DO GET OUT, YOU'LL BE MORE CHOOSEY ABOUT THE TYPE OF COMPANY YOU PICK FOR AFTERNOON RECREATION!



I'M TIED TOO TIGHT TO WIGGLE A FINGER! BUT SOMEHOW I'VE GOT TO GET LOOSE! SAY -- THOSE OLD CARDS THEY'RE USING! I WONDER...



HEY, BOYS, IF I HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL NIGHT TO DIE, WHY NOT LET ME SIT IN THE GAME? I PLAY PRETTY GOOD POKER FOR A GIRL!

NO DICE, SISTER! WE KNOW WHAT YOU'D DO IF YOU GOT THEM MITTS OF YOURS UNTIED! SORRY!



SCARED? YOU'VE GOT YOUR GUNS -- AND YOU COULD UNTIE JUST ONE HAND! I COULDN'T DO MUCH DAMAGE WITH THAT!

WHY NOT, JEFF? I'M SICK O' THESE TWO-HANDED GAMES! THEY'RE NO FUN!



ONE FUNNY MOVE, BABY, AND I'LL LET DAYLIGHT INTO YOU!

RELAX, SAM! I'M TIED SO TIGHT I COULDN'T EVEN BREATHE HARD!



HOW ABOUT A CIGARETTE, SOMEBODY? JUST LIGHT ONE AND HAND IT TO ME!

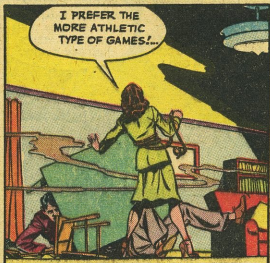
OKAY, BABY! I LIKE DAMES WITH NERVE! YOU GOT WHAT IT TAKES...



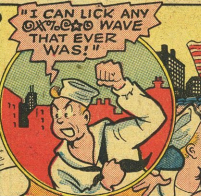
THANKS, PAL! I ONLY HOPE THESE OLD PLAYING CARDS HAVE WHAT IT TAKES!

I DON'T GET YOU, SISTER! ----- WHADDAYUH MEAN?









QUICKSILVER



In a frowsy flophouse in the district of derelicts...

STILL AT YER STINKIN' CHEMICALS, MUDGE? WOTCHA MAKIN' NOW?

I'VE MADE IT! GOLD-- PURE GOLD!



I'LL BE RICH! RICHER THAN--

GET A LOAD O' THIS JERK, MATES! NUTTIER'N A FRUIT CAKE! HAW! HAW!



I'LL BE GONE FROM AMONG YOU FLEA-BITTEN BUMS! YOU HAVEN'T THE WIT TO--

GIVIN' US THE UPSTAGE, HUH? C'MON, LET'S SMASH DAT PHONY CHEMICAL SET O' HIS'N!



It is fate that Quicksilver takes the air near by....

GETTIN!
GIVE HIM DE
BIZNESS!

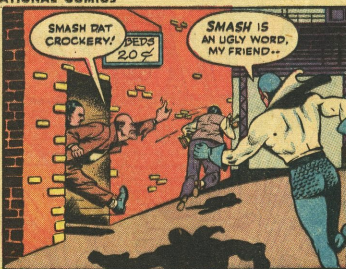
I DON'T KNOW
WHO'S WHAT--BUT
IT'S A MOB AFTER
ONE MAN--AND I
NEVER LIKE
THAT!



SMASH DAT
CROCKERY!

DEDS
20¢

SMASH IS
AN UGLY WORD,
MY FRIEND..



SEE
WHAT I
MEAN?

IT'S QUICKSILVER!
BETTER LAY
OFF!



THANK YOU, SIR! I'M
GOING NOW TO DEMONSTRATE
MY **GOLD-MAKING
DISCOVERY** TO A
COMMITTEE OF BANKERS!
YOU'LL BE
REWARDED!

NO, THANKS!
NONE OF MY
TEETH NEEDS
REFILLING!



But Quicksilver is
intrigued! Unobserved,
he follows....

THE LITTLE FELLOW'S
ACTUALLY SERIOUS! PERHAPS
I SHOULD WAIT AROUND
AND SEE WHAT IT
ADDS UP TO!



WE SAID YOU COULD
COME, MUDGE, JUST FOR A
LAUGH! WE DON'T
REALLY BELIEVE---

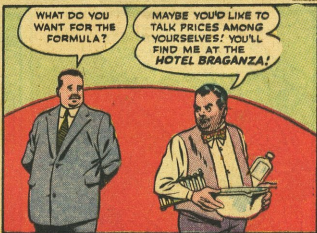
THEN I'LL
CONVINCE
YOU!



I'LL DEMONSTRATE,
BUT I'M KEEPING THE
FORMULA SECRET
--NOW!

JUST LIKE A
B PICTURE ABOUT MAD
SCIENCE!









AH, MUDGE,
I WAS COMING
UP TO OFFER---

ARREST HIM! HE
DID THE MURDER!
WANTED MY
FORMULA!



C'MON,
EXPLAIN--

WHY SHOULD I?
HERE, ELEVATOR--
I'M GOING
DOWN!



HE SEEMS
TO HAVE A
HEAD START!
NOW WHAT,
MUDGE?

I WANT TO GO TO THE
TYCOONS' CLUB AND TALK
TO MR. WINKLE--THE THIRD
BANKER WHO SAW MY
EXPERIMENT!

SLAM!



ONE OF YOUR
FRIENDS IS DEAD,
THE OTHER BEING
CHASED BY POLICE!
YOU CAN BUY
MY FORMULA,
MR. WINKLE!

WHY
SHOULD
I?



I'M VERY WEALTHY
AS IT IS! EVEN IF I
BELIEVED YOUR FORMULA--
WHICH I DON'T--I
WOULDN'T NEED IT!
GOOD EVENING!

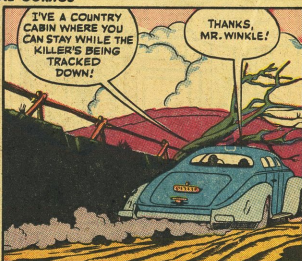
YEAH -- GOOD
EVENING---



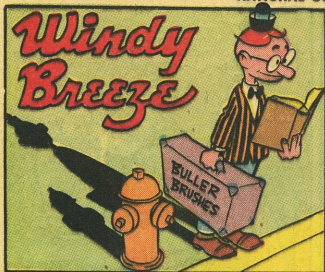
HELP!...

THEY'RE AFTER
ME NOW!

TYCOONS' Club







IT SAYS HERE, "A GOOD SALESMAN GETS TO THE POINT AND DOESN'T WASTE WORDS!... THE SHORTER THE SALES TALK, THE BIGGER THE SALE!"

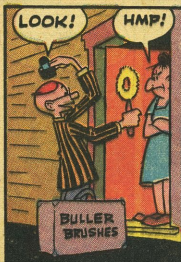


WELL, IF BREVITY MAKES A GOOD SALESMAN, I'M GONNA BE THE WORLD'S BEST!



LOOK!

HMP!



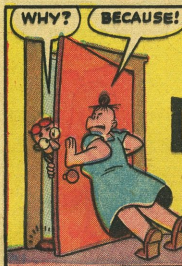
BUY?

NO!



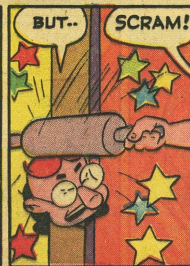
WHY?

BECAUSE!

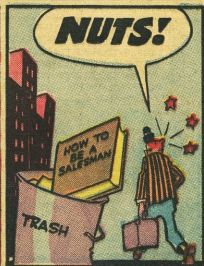


BUT..

SCRAM!



NUTS!



INTELLECTUAL AMOS

meets the
Mosquito Menace!

NEVER BEFORE HAS LITTLE INTELLECTUAL AMOS MET ANYTHING AS SINISTER AS THE FRIGHTFUL MENACE OF THE GIANT MOSQUITOES!

EXTRA! **FLASH** EXTRA!

**DEATH-DEALING HORROR
TURNED LOOSE ON
HELPLESS WORLD!**



**MANY
PEOPLE
IN DANGER!**

**GIGANTIC
MOSQUITO
SIGHTED!**

**MYSTERIOUS
DISEASE!**

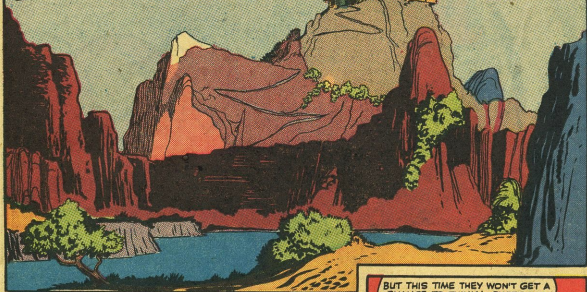
OUR STORY OPENS IN A GLOOMY OLD MANSION ON THE CREST OF HAMMIT MOUNTAIN... THE ONLY LIVING PERSON IN THE OLD HOUSE IS DR. ERSATZ...



**SLEEPING FOOLS IN THE VALLEY
BELOW! YOU WILL SOON
AWAKE AND RESPECT THE
GENIUS OF DOCTOR ERSATZ!**

In the failing light of evening, the lofty old Hammit mansion dominates the scene, like a black threat to the peaceful valley...
The voice of Dr. Ersatz rings out!...

AFTER THIS NIGHT, THE ENTIRE COUNTRY-- YES, THE WHOLE WORLD-- WILL KNOW AND FEAR THE SCIENTIST OF HAMMIT MANSION!



IDLE BOASTING, THEY MAY THINK-- JUST AS THEY JAILED ME BECAUSE A FEW OF MY --ER-- PATIENTS --AH-- DIED -- ACCIDENTALLY!



BUT THIS TIME THEY WON'T GET A CHANCE TO THINK! SWIFT AND TERRIBLE IS THE PRICE THEY PAY FOR REFUSING TO BELIEVE!



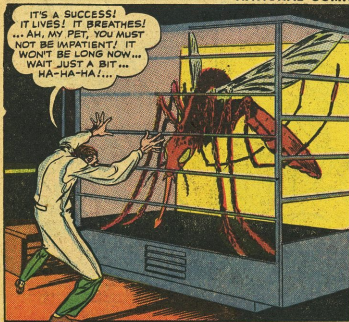
IT IS JUST ABOUT TIME... PLAIN MOSQUITO LARVAE FORCED TO HATCH IN MY VITAMIN SOLUTION...



...AND FROM THESE GROTESQUELY ENLARGED EGGS AND LARVAE COME MY BRAIN-CHILDREN!



A WINGED MESSENGER OF DESTRUCTION! THE FIRST OF AN ARMY! THE ARMY OF DOCTOR ERSATZ!

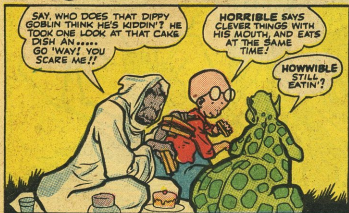


IT'S A SUCCESS!
IT LIVES! IT BREATHES!
... AH, MY PET, YOU MUST
NOT BE IMPATIENT! IT
WON'T BE LONG NOW...
WAIT JUST A BIT...
HA-HA-HA!...

WHILE, DOWN IN THE VALLEY, A LITTLE GROUP OF FRIENDS HOLD A GAY PICNIC ON THE LAWN OF THE STATE PARK.... LOOKING CLOSELY, WE SEE INTELLECTUAL AMOS AND HIS GHOSTLY COMPANIONS, WILBUR THE GOBLIN AND HORRIBLE HORACE, THE GHOST WHO FAILED...



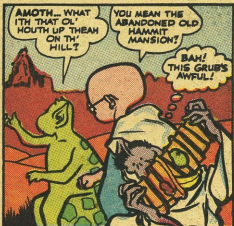
DOODNESS DWACIOUS!
LOOKIT TH' FLOWERTH
I PICKED FOR YOU,
AMOTH!



SAY, WHO DOES THAT DIPPY
GOBLIN THINK HE'S KIDDIN'? HE
TOOK ONE LOOK AT THAT CAKE
DISH AN.....
GO 'WAY! YOU
SCARE ME!!

HORRIBLE SAYS
CLEVER THINGS WITH
HIS MOUTH, AND EATS
AT THE SAME
TIME!

HOWWIBLE
STILL
EATIN'?



AMOTH... WHAT
ITH THAT OL'
HOUTH UP THEM
ON TH' HILL?

YOU MEAN THE
ABANDONED OLD
HAMMIT
MANSION?

BAH!
THIS GRUB'S
AWFUL!



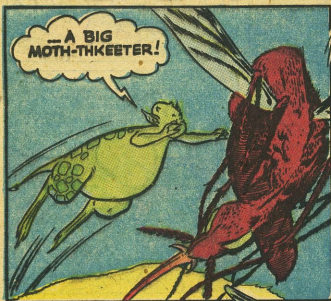
THAT OLD HOUSE STANDS
THERE LIKE A WAITING
BIRD OF PREY! I FEEL
SOMETHING SINISTER IS
GOING ON BEHIND
THOSE BLACK
WALLS!



IN THE SAME PARK, A
SHORT DISTANCE AWAY, A
LONE MOTHER AND HER
CHILD RELAX IN THE WARM
SUNLIGHT...



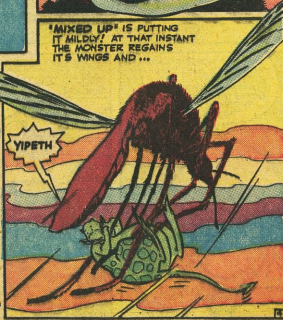
3
SUDDENLY, FROM OUT OF THE SKY
APPEARS A FANTASTIC SHAPE!



'MIXED UP' IS PUTTING
IT MILDLY! AT THAT INSTANT
THE MONSTER REGAINS
ITS WINGS AND...



COME ON!
I GOT A
NOTION THAT
WILBUR
IS MIXED
UP IN IT,
SOMEHOW!

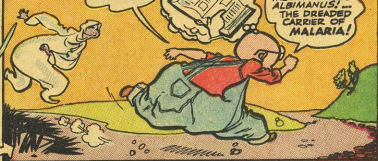


UP, UP, WITH THE WHIRRING OF ITS GIANT WINGS, THE REPULSIVE MONSTER DRAGS THE HAPLESS LITTLE GOBLIN!... HEARING THE DEAFENING WHINE, THE PEOPLE IN THE VALLEY WATCH FEARFULLY AS THE FLYING HORROR HEADS FOR THE OLD MANSION!

AMOS AND HORACE DASH MADLY IN THE DIRECTION OF HAMMIT MOUNTAIN! AS THEY RUN, AMOS DISPLAYS HIS REMARKABLE MEMORY! MENTALLY, HE STUDIES A BOOK ON "CONTROLLING INSECT PESTS"...

HURRY! WILBUR IS IN TERRIBLE DANGER!

OH, GLORY!! WHITE BAND ON LEG! THAT MEANS THE ANOPHELES ALBIMANUS!... THE DREADED CARRIER OF MALARIA!



WHILE, UP ON HAMMIT MOUNTAIN...

WHAT HAVE WE HERE?... ANIMAL OR HUMAN? WELCOME TO THE LABORATORY OF DOCTOR ERSATZ! HA! HA!



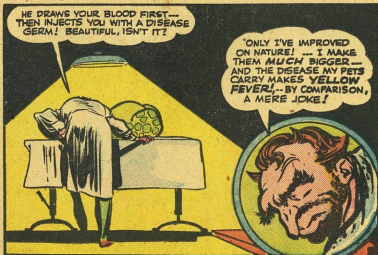
WELL, LITTLE GOBLIN, OR WHATEVER YOU ARE... DID YOU KNOW THAT A MOSQUITO IS A HYPODERMIC NEEDLE-- SAME PRINCIPLE AS THE ONE IN MY HAND!



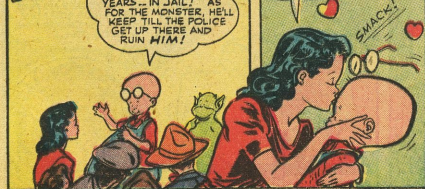
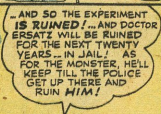
LOOK, HORACE! HE'S GOING STRAIGHT TO THE HAMMIT MANSION!



HE DRAWS YOUR BLOOD FIRST-- THEN INJECTS YOU WITH A DISEASE GERM! BEAUTIFUL, ISN'T IT?



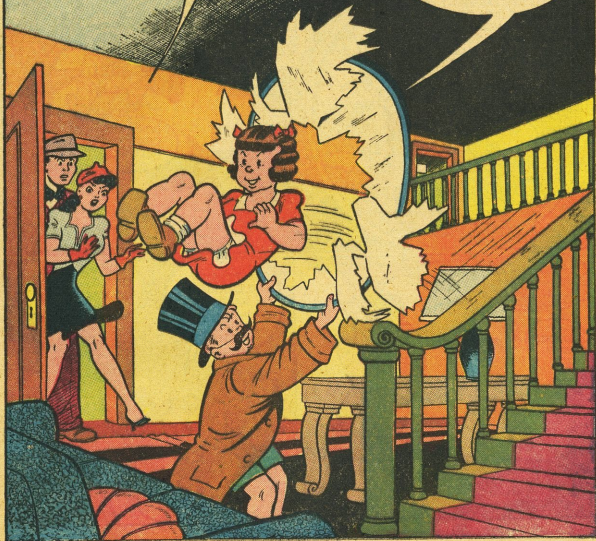
"ONLY I'VE IMPROVED ON NATURE! -- I MAKE THEM **MUCH BIGGER**... AND THE DISEASE MY PETS CARRY MAKES **YELLOW FEVER**!... BY COMPARISON, A MERE JOKE!"



LASSIE

LASSIE!...
LASSIE, STOP
THAT! WE HAVE
COMPANY
WITH US!

WHEEE-EE!
OH, THAT'S ALL
RIGHT, ROBERTA!
THEY WON'T BOTHER
US! IN FACT, WE
LIKE AN AUDIENCE
WHEN WE PLAY
CIRCUS!



HERE COME AUNT CLARABELLE AND DILBERT! NOW REMEMBER V. AT I TOLD YOU -- NO TRICKS!

YES, ROBERTA!
NO, ROBERTA!

OH, AUNTIE CLARABELLE, I'M SO GLAD YOU COULD COME!

DILBERT, SWEETHEART, YOU RUN ALONG WITH THE CHILDREN -- BUT DON'T GET INTO ANY OF THEIR GAMES!

OKAY!

NOW, LISTEN, LASSIE -- I DON'T RELISH THIS IDEA OF HANGING AROUND THE HOUSE ON SUNDAY AFTERNOON! I WANTED TO TAKE ROBERTA TO A BALL GAME -- SO DON'T CAUSE ME ANY TROUBLE! UNDERSTAND?

YEOW!
HELP!...
I'M STUCK!

HELP! HELP!
SOMEONE PLEASE
SAVE ME!

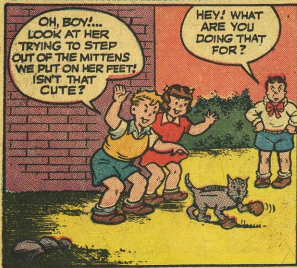
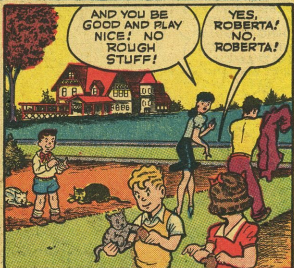
DON'T WORRY,
DILBERT, I'LL
HELP YOU!

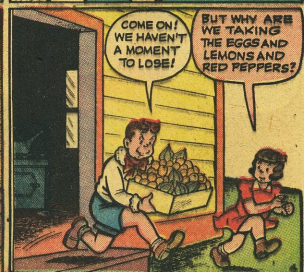
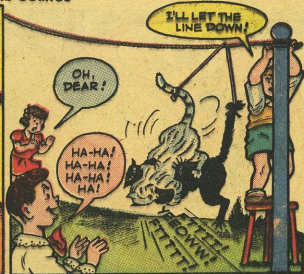
AS SOON--
AS --UH--
I CLIMB--

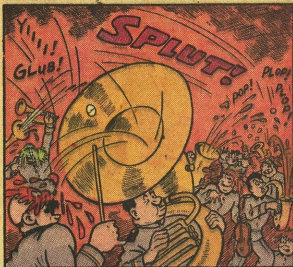
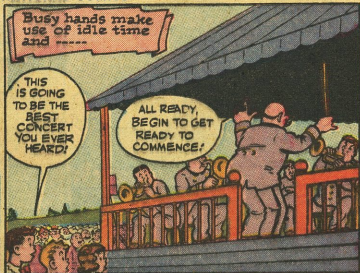
SUCKER!
WOW!
I'VE
STRUCK
THE
JACKPOT!

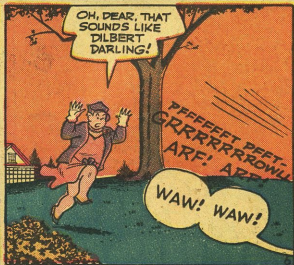
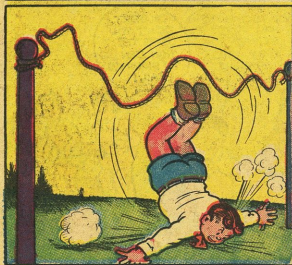
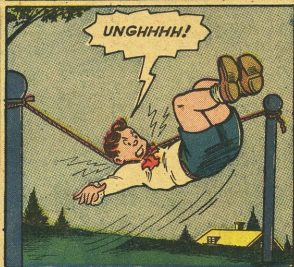
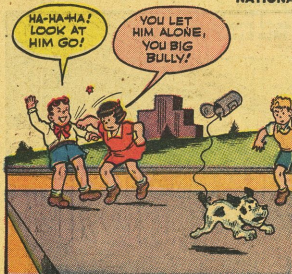
CHEAPSKATE!
HE CARRIES
A HANDFULL
OF NICKELS TO
SOUND
RICH!

WHY, YOU -- YOU
LITTLE ---! GIVE
ME BACK THAT
MONEY!











The SONG OF SIVA

WEIRD, tragic, the strange singing ceased as abruptly as it had started with the dawn. The early morning sun turned to gold the sandstone heights, and across the Nile waving cane became a molten sea of pale gold.

The score of swarthy natives, their tarbooshes dusty, slowly lifted their heads to gaze in awe at the enormous statue of Siva stained in the golden dawn. It had stood for unknown centuries, a monolith carved in rock, facing the east with its sad rock face.

Only occasionally did the great statue give forth with its weird, lonesome song. Only at dawn, and only for believers, so said the legend. Now it was quiet again, unseeing stone eyes staring over the broad Nile valley.

Slowly the natives mounted their camels and padded silently away into the north, toward Cairo and the rich Suez markets. They were happy. They had been given the "song of Siva". Their trading would be good. They had received the blessing of Isis.

When the natives had disappeared, an aged priest came out of a cave nearby and went to the foot of the statue. He scooped up a handful of coins which the pilgrims had placed in a hollow of the rock. Then he trudged back to his earthen burrow.

Each time wayfarers came along, they left some coins in the hollow, believing the gods received them—thus blessing the kind-hearted donors. It was good business for the priest. He chuckled as he crouched in the cave and counted his findings. He wished that travelers would come along every dawn. . . .

Ben Rashid, bearded leader of a wild tribe of desert thugs, rode his camel as if he were part of it. His followers, heavily burnoosed against the growing heat, came behind him. They itched for action. It had been weeks since they had waylaid a caravan. They thirsted for blood.

Dismounting, Ben Rashid approached the foot of the statue. He surveyed it for a moment, then something shiny caught his eye. Partly covered with sand, it lay at his feet. He picked it up. It was a gold piece. Chuckling, he stuck the money in his sash. Then he noticed the dragging foot marks in the sand. They led to a cave not far away.

Ben Rashid motioned to a couple of his men and they strode toward the rocky lair. The old priest came out, shielding his eyes against the fierce glare.

"Go with Isis," he said. "May your travel be comfortable."

"Ho, there, old man!" cried Ben Rashid. "Did you drop this coin?" He flipped the gold piece in his hand.

"Aye," replied the priest. "It is a gift of the kind travelers who stopped here to receive the blessing of Isis."

Ben Rashid eyed him like a snake. "So they leave money, do they?" He motioned to his two men and they pushed the old priest aside and entered the cave.

One of them cried out excitedly and stepped into view carrying a skin bag that was heavy with coins.

"No, no!" cried the old man, grabbing at the bag. "No, I pray you. It is mine! You will be

accursed by the gods if you take it."

Ben Rashid's mocking laughter boomed across the silence of the morning.

He turned to walk off. But the old priest ran after him, holding on to his burnoose.

"No, I pray you, do not take it!" he cried.

With a curse Ben Rashid drew a scimitar and slashed quickly. The priest's head, neatly severed, rolled to the ground.

The bearded leader laughed and stuck the sword into the sand, to wipe off the blood.

"A good stroke, master!" said one of the men.

Ben Rashid chuckled. "A double stroke, men," he amended. "One for a head—one for a bag of gold!"

They mounted their camels and rode north.

A few days later, Ben Rashid and his cutthroats were again approaching the statue of Siva. They were on their way to the river—ten miles distant—for water. Their goat skin water bags were almost empty.

Ben Rashid rode up to the statue just as dawn was breaking. He dismounted, looking in the hollow place to see if any kind traveler had left gold. There was none. The old priest's body and severed head still lay where they had fallen. Ben Rashid kicked it disdainfully.

Then suddenly a strange unearthly sound sighed over the desert. Rising in volume as the sun came up, it caused an odd reaction among Rashid's men. They jumped from their mounts and buried their faces in the

NATIONAL COMICS

sand, crying out that the gods were speaking; that Isis was commanding them.

The sound grew until it was almost a scream, and then Ben Rashid noticed that it came from the statue. His dark face turned a shade paler. What was this? Did the gods in truth thus speak through this stone figure? That was crazy, he thought. Superstition.

"Fools!" he cried to the bowing men, "get up and be men, not crawling cowards!"

"O Master," cried one of them. "It was a great sin to kill the priest. Now we are accursed of the gods!"

Ben Rashid bellowed with profane laughter.

"Stupid fools! Do you put faith in the ranting of old men whose brains are turned by the heat? Come. We must get along."

The sound was a wail now. The men lay still. Ben Rashid kicked the one nearest him. "You heard me!" he shouted. "Come on!"

Ben Rashid had no warning of what approached until a stinging wave of hot sand struck his face. The singing of the rock had not permitted the sound of the new terror to be heard. Now like a wild thing it struck them. Great, burning waves of sand screamed against the statue, against the bowed men, against the score of camels.

Ben Rashid fell on his knees now and drew the folds of his burnoose over his head. Nothing could live and face that roaring ocean of sand. The light of day was gone. It was like midnight, the sun blotted out. The sandstorm grew in volume, screaming with a 100 mile wind pressure behind it.

The camels padded off into the south, leaving their masters. Sand piled up. The men dug frantically, their throats parched

for water. There was no water. What little had been left in the bags had gone with the camels.

The day wore on. Evening came, but still the sandstorm raved around the stone statue of Isis. Ben Rashid and his men, panting, eyes tight closed against the sting of sand, tried to keep themselves dug out. But it was growing almost impossible.

Ben Rashid coughed and gasped. His throat was a flaming tunnel, his tongue swollen. What had the old priest said? They were accursed of the gods? Indeed it seemed that way. Would this storm never end?

It didn't end. All through the night it raged and far into the next morning. And all that day the shrieking sand, flailed the desert.

The rocky face of Siva stared into it, not changing, aged-old spectator of many such storms.

It was the score of riderless camels that caused the first sensation in the little oasis of Al Akkam on the Nile. They trudged into the village in the early morning. Immediately the huge humped mount of Ben Rashid was recognized. And there was much speculation as

to what had happened to the leader and his pack.

It was incredible to think that Ben Rashid and his thugs had lost their camels. Yet there they were. And where was Ben Rashid and his gang?

An old priest came up to a group discussing the strange event. He nodded slowly.

"It is the will of Isis," he said quietly. "They defied the gods by killing a priest of Isis and stealing sacred gold. . . . Come, let us go." He turned toward the camels and began to mount one.

"Where, old man? Where would you lead us?"

"Follow me," commanded the priest, setting off. The others climbed on the remaining camels and fell in behind the priest. At length they reached the statue of Siva, now half covered with sand.

"Dig," the priest told them. "And you'll see how the gods keep their promises."

They dug, and soon they had twenty-one bodies laid out on the sand. Ben Rashid and his crew, their faces blackened by awful strangulation. The song of Siva had been their funeral song.

NATIONAL COMICS

GIVES YOU

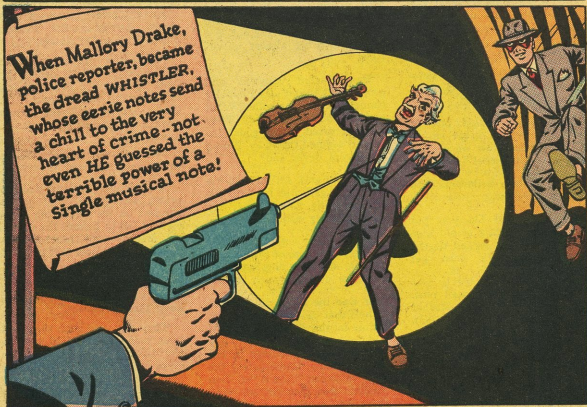
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The WHISTLER

by VERNON HENKEL





—THEN I THINK THE WHISTLER
WILL HAVE A TRY AT FINDING
THE MISSING MURDER GUN!



HHMM! NOT MANY PLACES
TO HIDE A GUN AROUND
HERE! MAYBE IGOR WAS
JUST THE FALL-GUY FOR
A CLEVER FRAME!



WHA—?? SOMEBODY'S
PRYING OPEN A BACK
WINDOW! THINGS ARE
DEVELOPING—



I'LL LET HIM GET
CLEAR IN AND THEN
JUMP HIM!



THE WHISTLER'S
EBERIE BLAST FREEZES
THE INTRUDER'S
BLOOD...



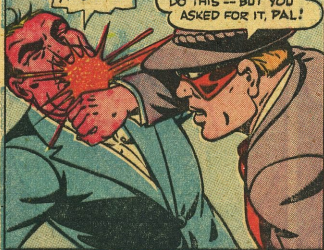
GOT
YOU!

WHA—??
OOOOOFF!



ARGHH-H!

I DIDN'T WANT TO
DO THIS — BUT YOU
ASKED FOR IT, PAL!

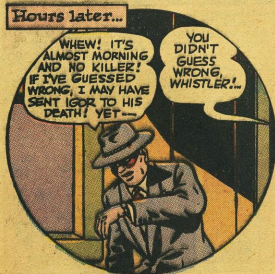


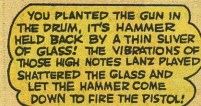
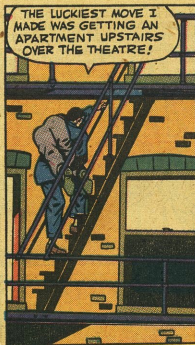
WELL, FOR ---!
IGOR, THE
ESCAPED
SUSPECT!



THE WHISTLER!
I WOULDN'T HAVE
FOUGHT IF I'D
KNOWN IT WAS
YOU!







I HAVEN'T LOOKED UNDER YOUR MASK, WHISTLER! WHEN THE POLICE FIND YOUR BODY I WANT TO BE SURPRISED AT YOUR REAL IDENTITY!

THAT'S AWFULLY KIND OF YOU, LENNY! (THE KNOTS ARE SLIPPING! IF I HAD A LITTLE MORE TIME--)



THE POLICE WILL NEVER GUESS! NOT ONE MAN IN A THOUSAND KNOWS A HIGH NOTE ON THE VIOLIN CAN SHATTER THIN GLASS BY ITS VIBRATIONS!

HE'S RIGHT IN LINE WITH THE GUN! I'VE GOT ONE SLIM CHANCE -- IF IT WORKS...



Suddenly the WHISTLER'S lips purse--and from them comes a thin, high note--



IT WORKED! I WHISTLED A NOTE SO HIGH THAT IT FIRED THE GUN!

YOU CAN'T! NOBODY CAN WHISTLE A NOTE THAT HIGH --- EEEEEEAHHH!



MY ARM! YOU SHOT ME IN THE ARM--BUT I'LL KILL YOU!

NOT IF THESE ROPES ARE AS LOOSE AS THEY FEEL!



YOUR NEXT EXPERIMENT WILL BE WITH THE VIBRATIONS OF AN ELECTRIFIED CHAIR, KILLER!



SURE IT'S A GOOD STORY, DRAKE-- BUT I WANT A BIGGER ONE! I WANT TO KNOW WHO THE WHISTLER IS! SEE?

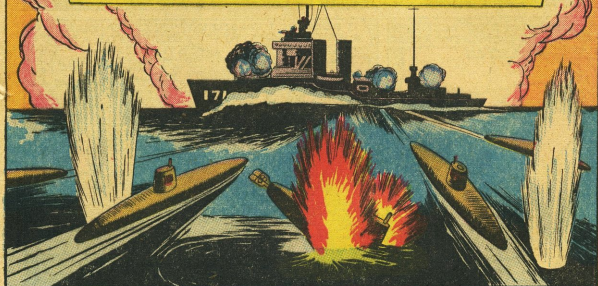
I'LL ASK HIM NEXT TIME I SEE HIM, BOSS-- BUT I DON'T THINK HE'LL TELL ME!



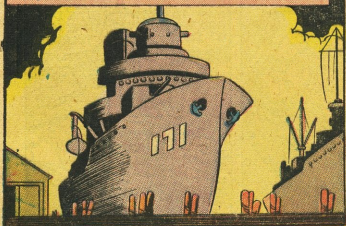
DESTROYER 171

SHORE LEAVE! No words in the lexicon of the sea are more welcome to the sailor! A chance to go home again ... to see his loved ones ... to spend with them the few precious hours before the sea and its battles call him forth again!

But there is little peace or rest for the fighting crew of Destroyer 171 in the flaming, perilous hours of their **Furlough From Battle!**

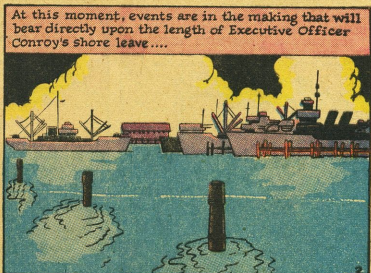


The famed Destroyer 171 is docked for minor repairs with other units of the fleet....



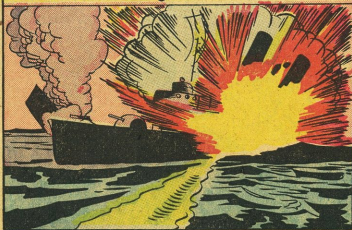
While Commander Harvey Blake and Fred Conroy, his executive officer, visit the residential section of a town....



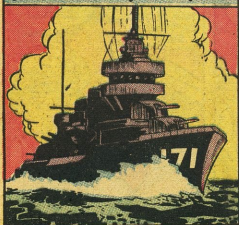




In a few flaming moments the harbor becomes a shambles of exploding and sinking ships!



Soon the U.S.S. Pawnee, the battle-weathered Destroyer 171, makes out to sea with all possible speed....



SORRY ABOUT YOUR SHORE LEAVE, CONROY!

THANK YOU, SIR! BUT THIS IS MORE IMPORTANT!



WE PICKED UP A SUB ON THE HYDROPHONES, SIR!

CENTER THE SOUND! PREPARE DEPTH CHARGES!



WE SHOULD BE OVER HER NOW, SIR!

RELEASE DEPTH CHARGES!



THERE GO THE EXPLOSIONS! TIMED FOR TWO HUNDRED FEET!

I HOPE THEY'LL BLOW THE SUB TO THE SURFACE!



The depth-bomb explosions force the midget sub to the surface! The Pawnee fires a warning shell across her bow!

HEAVE TO! OR WE'LL SEND YOU TO THE BOTTOM!



HERE COME THE JAPS!

THOSE DEPTH BOMBS TOOK THE FIGHT OUT OF THEM! I HOPE YOUR JAP TALK ISN'T TOO RUSTY, CONROY!



THE NIPS ARE READY TO TALK! I WANT YOU TO FIND OUT THE BASE FROM WHICH THESE TWO-MAN SUBS OPERATE!

WE KNOW IT CAN'T BE MORE THAN FOUR HUNDRED MILES FROM OUR BASE! THAT'S THE TOP CRUISING LIMIT ON THESE BABY SUBS!



ANY LUCK?

THEY PRACTICALLY DREW A MAP, SIR! I CAN FIND THAT BASE WITHOUT ANY TROUBLE!



YOU'RE NOT COMING, CONROY! ENSIGN JEFFRIES AND I ARE MAKING THE TRIP IN THAT CAPTURED SUB!

YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME BEHIND!

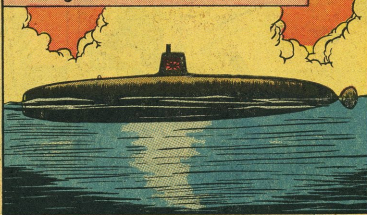


THIS IS A DANGEROUS JOB! I WOULDN'T WANT ANYTHING TO HAPPEN TO THE FATHER OF A FUTURE ADMIRAL!

I WON'T ACCEPT SPECIAL FAVORS, SIR! IT'S SETTLED! I'M GOING WITH YOU!



The captured Jap sub heads away from Destroyer 171, charting a course toward the midjet submarine base....



CONFOUND THESE SARDINE CANS! THERE ISN'T EVEN ROOM ENOUGH TO SIT DOWN!

IT'S NOTHING MORE THAN A TORPEDO TUBE WITH A MOTOR, SIR!



BUT THESE LITTLE SUBS CAN SLIP THROUGH MINE FIELDS LIKE AN EEL! THAT'S HOW THEY GOT THROUGH TO OUR NAVAL BASE!

IF THIS MISSION SUCCEEDS, THEY WON'T MAKE ANOTHER TRIP!





TAKE HER UP! THE JAPS WON'T SUSPECT ONE OF THEIR OWN SHIPS!



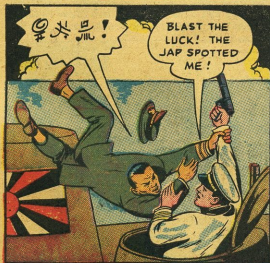
WON'T HAVE TIME FOR MORE THAN ONE SHOT! MAKE IT GOOD, SIR!



ORDER LIEUTENANT SAITO TO INVESTIGATE!

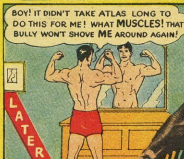


Lieutenant Saito approaches, even as Commander Blake cautiously opens the hatch of the sub....





HOW JOE'S BODY BROUGHT HIM FAME INSTEAD OF SHAME



I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

If YOU, like Joe, have a body that others can "push around"—if you're ashamed to strip for sports or a swim—then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality! "Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a spindly-shanked, scrawny weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. Before you know it, this easy,

NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be! You'll be a New Man!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say — see how they looked before and after — in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 33010, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.



CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 33010
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me — give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

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Charles Atlas

— actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."



TOOTSIE

AND THE
RETURN
OF
DR. NARSTY

BY C.C. BECK AND PETER COSTANZA

A MEETING OF THE CAPTAIN TOOTSIE SECRET LEGION HAS BEEN CALLED AT THE HOME OF CADWALLADER VAN TILDEN, A NEW MEMBER.

IT WAS NICE OF CADWALLADER'S MOTHER TO LET US MEET AT THEIR HOUSE, ROLLO! BUT WE'LL HAVE TO MIND OUR MANNERS IN THEIR BEAUTIFUL HOME!

I GUESS MRS. VAN TILDEN MUST BE TICKLED PINK ABOUT CADWALLADER'S BEING ACCEPTED AS A LEGION MEMBER, CAPT. TOOTSIE!



YOU CAN HAVE YOUR MEETING HERE IN THE RUMPUS ROOM. NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I'LL GO UPSTAIRS TO HAVE MY BEAUTY FACIAL. I DON'T WANT TO KEEP THE MAN WAITING. HE'S PIERCE OF PARIS, YOU KNOW!

THIS IS A WONDERFUL PLACE, MRS. VAN TILDEN! THANKS!



WOW! IT'S GOT EVERYTHING—PING-PONG TABLES, BOXING GLOVES, NEVEKY-THING!

UPSTAIRS, A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

AL ZEES SPECIALLY PREPARED MUD PACK WILL GIVE MADAME A FACE OF UNSURPASSED LOVE-LINESS.

HEY! HEY! WHEN THIS CEMENT HARDENS, SHE WON'T BE ABLE TO SCREAM AND I CAN STEAL THESE JEWELS!



MMMMPH! UGH-AWWWW!

HOW DO YOU DO, CAPT. TOOTSIE? I'VE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT YOUR SECRET LEGION FROM CADWALLADER! HOW DO YOU MAKE THAT TOOTSIE COUNTERSIGN HE'S BEEN TELLING ME ABOUT?



WHEN ANYONE IN DISTRESS HE GIVES THE COUNTERSIGN—T FOR TOOTSIE! AND THE SECRET LEGION MEMBERS ANSWER IT BY COMING TO HIS ASSISTANCE!



THE CEMENT HARDENS QUICKLY AND PIERCE OF PARIS, ALIAS DR. NARSTY, EXECUTES ONE OF THE COOLEST GEM THEFTS IN ALL HISTORY.

HEY, MOM! HEY, MOM! CAN WE HAVE SOMETHING TO EAT?



CURSES! WHO'S COMING?

I HAVE FORGOTTEN SOMETHING! I MUST GO! I'D BETTER TOUCH THE MUDDER WHILE IT IS THAT I AM AWAY!



HEY, CADWALLADER! LOOK AT YOUR MOM!



WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE HAPPENED TO HER?

SHE'S GIVING THE COUNTERSIGN!

I'LL GET CAPTAIN TOOTSIE...

MMMPH! MMMPH!

TOOOOOTSIE!

A SHRILL BLAST OF ROLLO'S TOOTSIE-TOOTER...

...AND CAPT. TOOTSIE SHOWS UP IN A JIFFY!



A-NAN! PIERCE OF PARIS, OR RATHER DR. NARSTY! UP TO YOUR OLD TRICKS AGAIN, EH?

WHEW! THIS IS HARD WORK!

HERE, FATSO, PASS THESE AROUND! TOOTSIE ROLLS WILL GIVE YOU ALL EXTRA ENERGY FOR ANY JOB!

THANKS! CLANK! CLANK!

CLANK! CLANK!

CLANK! CLANK!

CLANK! CLANK!

CLANK! CLANK!

CLANK! CLANK!

CLANK! CLANK!

HI PALS! ROLLO AND I EAT LOTS OF CHEWY, CHOCOLATEY **TOOTSIE ROLLS** BECAUSE THEY'RE CHOCK-FULL OF **ENERGY!**



STILL ONLY **1¢**

•TOOTSIE ROLLS are not only delicious, but a fine food as well! They're made with milk and loads of other body-building ingredients which give you the energy you need to win. And TOOTSIE ROLLS give you energy fast! You can fairly feel the energy rush to your muscles after you pop a TOOTSIE ROLL into your mouth! Try a TOOTSIE!